

# Literature of the Week.

## A YEARBOOK OF NOBLE THOUGHTS---BY ARCHBISHOP KEANE

THE spirit of the Christmastide is in the book which lies before us. It is a book which thousands will welcome gladly, for it brings back to the East an old friend and a good one. In every page is a warm and friendly hand clasp. Out of every utterance one sees peering the keen eyes and the kindly face of one of those rare men whose friendship spans the seas and embraces thousands of his fellow-men, a prince of the Church of Rome, whose charity and love stop not at the confines of his own, or of any religion, one of those men of heart purity and mind clarity of whom truly can be said: "He hath seen God."

Archbishop Keane, of Dubuque, Iowa—to thousands the name is a talisman. In two short years he has become a mighty influence for good in the Northwest. Before that, Archbishop of Damascus, stationed at Rome, and rounding out his preparatory education; before that, founder and head of the great Catholic University of America; before that, Bishop of Richmond, Va., and previous to that a simple priest of God here in Washington, a humble station which his heart would have chosen as his life mission had not the voice of authority bidden him go up higher—this is the man whose wisdom has been garnered by patient and loving hands and placed in a volume tastefully printed and easy to the hand, a yearbook of noble thoughts, one for each day, under the title of "Onward and Upward," a watchword which has ever attended the footsteps of the author.

### Will Be Welcomed by Public.

The book will be welcomed by many of the archbishop's old friends, and it will make thousands of new ones, to whom it will be a pleasant form of introduction. Its pages are compiled from discourses of the eloquent metropolitan by Maurice Francis Egan, who says of it: "The main object of this book is, in view of the compiler, to give to earnest men and women, often too busy for long meditation, a spiritual keynote for each day in the year. And Archbishop Keane knows our country and the human heart, our conditions and our struggles and temptations, so well that from the work of no other man could be drawn sentiments at once so spiritual and so practical, so stimulating and so sustaining for the great mass of the American people."

No one who has sat spellbound under the magic influences of Archbishop Keane's translucent oratory needs to be told that gems await his perusal in this volume. The compiler expresses a modest fear lest he has robbed the sen-



ARCHBISHOP KEANE.

tences of some of their music and their force by detaching them from the rest of the spoken discourses from which they are taken. It seems like an unnecessary fear. But even though it be true in a measure, it were better certainly to possess a finely cut jewel without its setting, a beautiful canvas or etching without the frame, than to have neither. It is true that many of the pages of this book are illumined by brief and somewhat disjointed thoughts. They suggest the feast from which they were selected. They stimulate the heart and mind rather than banquet them. But each thought so suggested, each truth expressed in

such mellifluous and earnest, and beautiful, and convincing language, is a gem complete. It is crystallized and ripened. It sinks all the deeper into the heart and memory perhaps because it is cut loose from context. And, above all, it is something that the busy man or woman can find time to stop and read. And he or she who reads a page of this incomparable collection of jeweled thoughts must needs be richer all the day for it.

The book is divided into twelve chapters, one for each month in the year, and for each month there is a subject, ranging from the simple one for Jan-

uary of "Right Living" to the triumphant and natural climax for December of "Death and Resurrection." It will be noted also that the subjects are arranged according to a natural gradation, as follows:

Thoughts for January—Right Living.  
For February—Religion.  
For March—Home.  
For April—Education.  
For May—The Ideal Woman.  
For June—The Ideal Man.  
For July—Civilization.  
For August—Social Ideals: America.  
For September—Progress.  
For October—Art.  
For November—Brotherhood.  
For December—Death and Resurrection.

It is difficult to say which of these subjects has given best food for thought to this clear-sighted man of God. But it seems as if his highest flights are reached when he discourses on social ideals and on the Fatherland, America, of which he is so fond and in which he sees such promise of the future. He compares it joyfully with the "sad, weird, dreamy Orient," with Olympian Greece and mighty Rome; with "the great Christian dream of the Middle Ages; with the Renaissance. And he finds in the Christian present, in the nation founded by the Christian Washington, the hope of mankind and of the future.

### Excerpts From His Writings.

Elsewhere is printed some excerpts from his writings. But this passage is one which speaks of today and interests the people of today. And it might have been written to correct some of the mistakes and false doctrines of today:

"And so, the great concern of the world today is The People—not dynasties, nor privileged classes, but The People. For what else, indeed, did God decree human society, but for the welfare of the millions? Any other concept of society is an error, framed by egotism of one kind or another; and every system of egotism the Nemesis of History crushes at last. It may leave weeping and bleeding myriads in its track before it disappears; but disappear it must, and humanity rises to better things."

"And since the welfare of the millions is the end of society and government, it follows that in the nature of things the millions must come at last to have a say and a hand in the organization of society and the direction of government. As the society body grows to self-consciousness, it must grow to the knowledge of what is best for it; it must grow toward self-government. The individual grows to manhood and self-control, society to manhood and self-government."

Democracy is the necessary outcome of social growth.

### Gems of Thought From the New Book by Archbishop Keane.

BECAUSE his cause was right and he was worthy of it, Washington heads the list of the very few conquerors for whom the Angel of History has only words of praise.

Mary, with Jesus on her knees, is the ideal woman.

How beautiful God has made the world! How beautiful must He be in whose footprints there is so much to charm us.

Train your children to politeness, especially at home; not to the external veneration that is meant only for strangers, but to that genuine consideration which is especially thoughtful and gentle with those one loves.

The sweetest flower of religion is a happy home.

Give a place of special honor to the flag. Near it place the portraits of Lincoln and Washington. Tell your children about them. Fire their young hearts with patriotism. Make them scorn to receive their country's benefits and do nothing for their country's good.

Learning is to be the great lever that will move the world. Woe to the world if it be learning without God in it.

God has embodied the beauty of humanity especially in woman. He means that she shall be the refiner of man. Alas, that our nature needs refinement. It has in it much of the tiger, the wolf, and the ape, and this must be purged out.

True nobleness is attained only through suffering. Women suffer more than men; they suffer better.

Let woman ever breathe around her the sweet odor of sanctity. It is more delicious, more penetrating, more gently charming than any other perfume she can use.

Militarism must cease to rule the world. Not might, but right, must rule the world.

True democracy means a united Christian people, a people standing in brotherly union under the banner of the Prince of Peace. This is America's vocation, a glory to her and a benediction to the world.

The more perfectly both labor and capital are organized, the more perfectly are they amenable to the control of public law and authority. It is hard to take thousands of separated law-breakers by the throat; but it is easy to seize and control an organization that unites them all. Organization should be encouraged, but all organizations should be bound in strict responsibility. Ere long, a code of wise and just laws can be formed for their control, consonant with both principle and experience. Then each form of organization will be invaluable in guiding, controlling, and uplifting the individual laborer and the individual capitalist, and their united force will be an incalculable leverage for the world's progress.

Democracy is the necessary outcome of social growth.

"The people are not so stupid but that they will follow the best, if the best are truly and sympathetically their leaders. Let the best see to this."

And, further: "America, as the chief providential type of conservative de-

mocracy, is the beacon light for the world's future. Walking in the spirit of Washington, she will solve the world's social problems, and future generations will call her blessed. Were she false to that spirit, false to the calm, deep wisdom, the incorruptible justice, the absolutely unselfish rectitude, that beam-

from his face, she would be the most gigantic failure in history, would furnish Caesar with his crowning demonstration that self-government is a myth, that the peoples of the earth were never meant for it, that only his mailed fist can keep the world in order."

And, finally: "Hostile voices are heard today from all the ends of the earth, accusing her of selfishness and greed. Voices at home, of them that love her best, warn her of tendencies that give too much ground for those accusations. Do you not see sadness in that grand face of Washington as he looks to see how much of all this is true? He is praying that there may stay in his life more of the spirit of the Pilgrim fathers. We need not be as hard and stern and extreme and intolerant as they; but we need more of their aversion to luxury and pomp and greed for wealth. We cannot afford to sap our country's manhood by sensual indulgence of any sort; nor waste it in the vulgar scramble for gold. Truly, the great question is not what manner of producer, but what manner of man, the American of the future is to be."

### Looking Into the Future.

Looking into the future with prophetic vision, "Father Keane," as thousands of old friends still continue to call him, sees this spectacle of his country's destiny fulfilled:

"America today seems to threaten the nations with financial ruin by the invasion of her products and industries. They stand in awe of her as a world power and her irresistible competition in the markets of trade. Both of these vast energies, which have lain dormant, suddenly burst on a startled world together. No wonder that the nations stand aghast. But in all this there is no threat for the world's future. America's victories in the pursuits of peace have already opened the eyes of the nations to the folly of militarism, which only wields the sword, and of aristocracy, which, being today stripped of its rapiers and plumes, is only fit for kid gloves and perfumes and grimaces."

"Ere long, international law will rule the world instead of bayonets and battle-ships; and every man will deem it honorable to work, and a shame not to earn his bread manfully; and reciprocity of trade will break down barriers of national hostilities that have been the world's disgrace for centuries; and America, after having earned the world's gratitude by occasioning all this, will send all her products at home, for the hundreds of millions who are teaching the peoples of the earth how to be prosperous and happy."

Archbishop Keane is invincible in his optimism. He believes because he knows that God reigns and that the world is slowly, painfully struggling out toward the light.

## LITERARY CHAT FROM LONDON.

LONDON, Dec. 26.—Despite the immense popularity of almost everything which W. W. Jacobs writes, there is probably no prominent English author whose personality readers know less. Ever since "Many Cargoes" made its appearance and the word went round that there was a new funny man, Jacobs' place among the most widely read authors in this country has been unquestioned, but as to what manner of man he is there has been little or no information. It was, of course, revealed that the author of "The Slipper's Wooing" was what is known in England as a "civil servant"—in the government savings bank department—who had suddenly discovered that he could write the sort of stories the public wants. Later on came the announcement that, having convinced himself that he was losing money every day he remained in the government service, Mr. Jacobs had quitted it in order to "devote himself to writing," but still no details as to the humorist's appearance, age, or tastes were vouchsafed. Probably few of W. W. Jacobs' readers know what his two unclad initials stand for. So it may be remarked that the author's full style is "William Wymark Jacobs." He is a bachelor and his years are thirty-nine, but his slight figure, light hair and clean-shaven face make him look much younger. He is rather reserved, quiet, and seldom permits himself more than a chuckle when he is amused. He lives in the country now, near Epping Forest, in which he takes long walks.

Jacobs got his knowledge of the life of the quays and the shipping through being born the son of a wharf manager at Wapping on the Thames below London. His life as a "clerk" in the post-office began in 1883, and his first literary efforts were contributions to the amateur paper published by the staff. His unsigned skits therein tickled his fellow-employees so much that their author was encouraged to send a manuscript to "Today." It was promptly accepted by Jerome K. Jerome, then the editor, with the result that Jacobs soon became a regular contributor to the weekly, and that he and the author of "Three Men in a Boat" quickly got to be specially good friends.

Jacobs is content to write his stories in the old-fashioned way. He neither dictates nor uses a typewriter. He confesses to one peculiarity, however—that of finding it next to impossible to write until the different fixtures on his desk are arranged with precision—the ink pot exactly so many inches above his blotting pad, with two pens "supporting" it on either side, and copy paper in a neat pile on the left. The author also describes himself as incurably lazy and says he never can make himself begin work until the last possible moment for doing so has arrived.

The replies of well-known writers to a literary favorite's request that they name their favorite books of 1892, are in-

teresting. Thomas Hardy names Margaret L. Woods' "The Princess of Halloway"; Theodore Watts-Dunton, John Oliver Hobbes' "Love and the Soul Hunters"; Frederick Harrison, Stephen Phillips' "Ulysses"; Arthur W. Pinero, De Wets' "Three Years War"; Maurice Hewlett, Barrie's "Little White Bird"; Mrs. Braddon, Mary Cholmondeley's "Moth and Rust"; and H. G. Wells, Henry James' "The Wings of the Dove."

Edmund Gosse rather put his foot into it the other day when he rebuked Sir Edward Clarke, the famous legal light, for dabbling in literary criticism. The lawyer, in a speech, had expressed the opinion that English literature had declined since 1860. To this statement Edmund Gosse took exception, and also in a speech, described Sir Edward as "a certain prominent advocate who did not always confine himself to his own business." The question as to whether the circumstance of a man's not being engaged in the profession of letters debar him from expressing opinion upon literary subjects has aroused much discussion and been productive of many letters to the "Times," among them epistles from both Mr. Gosse and Sir Edward Clarke. The former's position has been generally condemned, but in no more telling fashion than by Augustine Birrell, who, with characteristic pungency, points out that Cervantes was a soldier, Montaigne a country gentleman, Bacon an English lawyer, Sir Walter Scott a Scotch lawyer, Isaac Walton a linen-draper, and Richardson a printer, while Mr. Gosse himself is a member of the board of trade!

Jerome K. Jerome is in the habit of sojourning on the Continent during the winter, and this season will spend most of his time at Lausanne, where he has taken a villa.

John Morley's long-promised life of Gladstone, which is now nearly finished, has been written under many difficulties and amid varied surroundings. The work has occupied Mr. Morley three years, and just when substantial progress had been made with it many changes became necessary. Queen Victoria's death having left the biographer free to include much that had at first been thought better to omit. Several writers have assisted Mr. Morley, among them William T. Stead's son. At different stages in his work, the author has lived at Hawarden and Haslemere in order to be close to Gladstone's former homes. Sir John Millais' portrait of the Grand Old Man will be used as one of the illustrations of Morley's work, for which, by the way, a large sale in America is expected.

### About "Emmy Lou."

The little child that Mrs. George Madden Martin has "reared" in "Emmy Lou: Her Book and Heart," is proving, every day, how real and true to life she is. She stands the prime test, namely, the scrutiny of children. She has quickly found her way to their hearts, and if she were really alive would certainly be far from lonely, for little folks all over the world are longing to be playmates with her.

Scores of them are trying to find out about her and are writing their little letters to Mrs. Martin, hoping to reach her that way. Their childish confidence, you may be sure, is guarded most carefully by that lady, but some of the missives are so deliciously ingenious that it would be a pity to keep them secret. One of the most delightful ones was written by a little boy in Brooklyn. It runs as follows:

"Dear Mr. Martin [the younger as still under the impression that George Madden Martin is a man], I am only a little boy, but Papa says you can tell me what business Emmy Lou's father is in, and why he does not live with Aunt Cordelia and Emmy Lou, that is if you do not think Emmy Lou would mind it. Yours, C—B—"

"Lady Rose's Daughter" in French. Mme. Blanc (Theodore Bentzon) is engaged on a translation of Mrs. Humphry Ward's new story, "Lady Rose's Daughter," as it appears month by month in "Harper's Magazine." Mme. Blanc's translation will be published next year in the "Revue des Deux Mondes."

### Magyar Types.

"Magyar Types" is a collection of ethnological half-tones, published by Dr. Johann Janko, under the auspices of the Royal Hungarian Ministerium fur Cultus und Unterricht (Budapest). A German text of introduction and descriptions accompanies the Hungarian.

In view of the fact that, on the basis of language, ethnologists rank the Magyars, together with the Finns, as of Mongoloid stock, the importance to science of any exhibitions of the physical type of the pure Magyar is at once apparent. The present collection is far more extensive and exact than R. L. Huxley's in his "Races of Europe."

The effort has been made by Dr. Janko to fix upon districts "whose population is homogeneous historically, linguistically, and ethnographically," and there to collect his types. The photographs he has reproduced are labeled scientifically under the items of name, occupation, age, color of eyes, hair, and beard; shape of nose, stature, circumference of head, and cephalic index.

The subjects are all peasant farmers, and the most noticeable physical feature is that of pronounced brachycephaly. This is sometimes excessive (93.2 in one case), but is unaccompanied by any other consistently Mongoloid character. The half-tones are only passable, yet they serve their purpose better than a lengthy description could do. It is to be hoped that the series will be continued.

## Nonsense Anthology.

It was a happy thought in Miss Carolyn Wells to make her "Nonsense Anthology," and few could be better fitted for the task than one whose precept and verse assure her attitude toward this important department of literature—an attitude compounded of reverent adherence and the expert's sense of humor, with this still further specialized into an unerring flair for whatever stamps humor as nonsense. Nonsense (technical nonsense, be it understood) has a claim of long descent. In this collection are early English examples dating back to 1617. The assembly of authors is gentlemanly-chaperoned (for it is instructive to find that three women's names among those of contributory writers, whatever our suspicions may be as to certain anonymous verses) by such dignity as Ben Jonson, Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, Milton, and Bishop Corbet, who in the seventeenth century writes verses beginning "Like to the thundering tone of unspoke speeches," Lear, of course, Gilbert, and Lewis Carroll figure prominently, but hosts of others sit up worthily with these kings. We must venture, in spite of the illustrative anecdote, to take exception to a statement in the preface that "it is a fact that among the general reading community the appreciators of Lewis Carroll are surprisingly few." But even this trifling stricture is needless, since, if the capable editor is mistaken on this point, correction's tidal wave will swiftly overtake her. The indexes are satisfying, the make-up trim and commendable; the volume is one that "no family can afford to be without."

We are persuaded that the compiler will feel that it has served its purpose if it sends its readers to the great originals; and should it thus be made the humble instrument of acquainting them with nonsense dignified by age, and with their Gelett Burgess, their Oliver Herford, their Owen Seaman, their Peter Newell, it will not have been collected in vain.

Pictures of a Volcano in Action. The forthcoming volume upon the destruction of Saint Pierre by Prof. Angelo Hellpirl, will contain perhaps the most accurate illustrations of an eruption which have ever been seen. Dr. Hellpirl took these photographs himself during the progress of the second eruption, and they have been produced with an attention to detail which will make them of real scientific value, aside from their intense interest as pictures of one of the most extraordinary and terrible outbursts of nature recorded in history. The chapters in the book itself are of the most thrilling interest, the author happily combining the accuracy of statement, which makes his book valuable to the technical mind, and the pictorial quality, which brings the scenes he witnessed sharply before the reader.

What British Readers Like Best. H. S. Merriman's novel, "The Vultures," stood second on the list of favorite novels indicated by the "London Academy's" popular voting contest, just closed. Anthony Hope's "The Intrusions of Peggy" stood fourth. Miss Mary Johnston's "Audrey" was the eighth novel on the list.

## PERSONAL NOTES ABOUT AUTHORS.

Hamlin Garland has returned to this city, and will remain all winter. He is at work on a series of short stories which deal with the American Indian in his human and domestic aspect, written from an intimate point of view. He has gathered the material for them with enormous pains, and the expenditure of a royal treasury of patience.

Onoto Watanna is only half Japanese. She was born at Nagasaki twenty-three years ago while her father was located there in the English consular service. Her girlhood was spent in Japan, and when her father was transferred to Canada she took up newspaper work and began to write short stories with a Japanese setting which secured her a hearing in the Northwest.

Her latest Japanese story makes Commodore Perry fall in love with the Lady Wistaria, but his arrival in Japan affects her fate. Perry was born in Newport, R. I., in 1794, and he commanded the expedition to Japan from 1852 to 1854. A monument has been erected to him at Kurahama, Japan. There are known to be at least two survivors of this famous expedition—David Davis and John Canavan, both living in New York.

When Frank Norris left New York several months ago he was bound for San Francisco, where he intended to

take passage to the Mediterranean on a wheat ship, but he bought a mountain ranch on the Pacific Slope instead, and intended to live and work there, coming to New York for a few months every second winter.

Shortly before his death he wrote this to a friend: "I can shoot deer from my front windows. The quails are a pest. There's a trout stream just around the corner. We have the Stevensons for near neighbors. This beats a New York apartment."

Jacob A. Riis, who was characterized by President Roosevelt as the most important citizen of New York because of his efforts on behalf of the East Side, began life on his arrival in this country from Denmark as a police reporter. That was in 1876, when he was twenty-seven years of age. In his latest book he very charmingly narrates the first meeting with his wife. He says:

"On the outskirts of the ancient town of Ribe \* \* \* a wooden bridge spanned the Nivs River when I was a boy. \* \* \* Upon this my story begins. The bridge is long since gone. The grass-grown lane that knew our romping feet leads nowhere now. But in my memory it is all as it was that nearly forty years ago. \* \* \* The bees are droning \* \* \* and the swans

arch their necks in the limpid stream. The clatter of the mill wheel at the dam comes up with drowsy hum. \* \* \*

On the bridge a boy and a girl have met. He whistles a tune, boy-fashion. \* \* \* When she has passed he stands looking after her. \* \* \* At the other end of the bridge she turns \* \* \* and when she sees that he is looking, goes on with a toss of her pretty head. As she stands one brief moment there with the roguish look, she is to stand in his heart forever."

William H. Furness, third, the author of "The Borneo Head-Hunters," recently published by J. P. Lippincott Company, is now on his way to another field of exploration in some of the wildest parts of the globe, after appearing before several learned societies in England and Ireland. His recent volume, which, by the way, is an example of perhaps the finest reproduction in black and white of photographs that has yet been seen, has been received by the scientific press and by critics of serious mind with universal praise, and the "London Daily Telegraph" itself has stated "that all who are interested in sociology should not fail to read this delightful book."

Max Beerbohm, the English dramatic critic, has written to his friend, Richard Le Gallienne, remonstrating with him for staying so long in New York, where Mr. Le Gallienne has been seeing his new romance, "An Old Country House," through the Harpers' press. Mr. Beerbohm, in urging his friend's return to British shores, dropped into the following verse:

Bewitched by American bars,  
Pan calls you back home on his pipes;  
We love you for loving the stars,  
But what can you see in the stripes?

Mr. Beerbohm has just been elected president of the London Players' Club, and is probably the youngest president that well-known organization has ever had.

When Wilson Barrett was last in this country he took pains to send Will Carleton, the poet, a box for one of his performances of "Hamlet," with this explanation:

"Several years ago I was asked to read a selection at a large charitable entertainment held in Albert Hall, London. Casting about to find something new and unacknowledged, I read in one of the city papers a poem entitled 'Gone With a Ham'son Man.' I was strongly attracted by its dramatic possibilities, and on this particular day recited it to an audience of several thousand. The poem created a sensation and was important for the name of the author—but was obliged to confess my ignorance. For some time I searched in vain, but when your first volume, 'I Am Ballads,' was republished in England, I found my favorite recitation there, with others just as good. I have used it scores of times since, and it never fails to bring down the house."

### Dr. Gustaff Schlegel.

While our country has one well-endowed chair, and Great Britain five professors of Chinese, albeit meagerly endowed, the Netherlands have, in their State University at Leyden, a permanent chair of Chinese, which has been occupied by men of such illustrious names as Siebold, Hoffman, and Gustaff Schlegel, whose products in the "Archiv," the Japanese grammar, and the publication "Tong Poo" are known to all scholars.

Dr. Schlegel celebrated on the 27th day of October the silver anniversary of his accession to the chair of the Chinese language and literature in Leyden University. Abundant congratulations from his admirers at home and in many lands, and from the learned societies of which he is corresponding member, flowed in upon him. He is appreciated especially for his keen insight and invincible patience in the mastery, above all, of epigraphic problems. Born at Cogstest, near Leyden, he became in 1857 a student of Hoffmann, and in 1862 was made an officer in the Chinese school in Batavia.

He received his doctorate in 1869 from the University of Jena. He served from 1867-1872 on the commission for revising the civil code of laws for Netherlands India. Returning to Holland, he entered his university in 1875, and in 1877 was made full professor. Over 200 monographs or notable articles in profound Chinese scholarship, some of them solving problems which others had given up, have issued from his pen.

### The Philippine Islands.

The Arthur H. Clark Company, Cleveland, Ohio, announces in a limited edition an important historical series entitled "The Philippine Islands, 1493-1893: Explorations by Early Navigators, Descriptions of the Islands and their Peoples, their History, and Records of the Catholic Missions, as Related in Contemporary Books and Manuscripts, showing the political, economic, commercial, and religious conditions of those islands from their earliest relations with European nations to the beginning of the nineteenth century." In fifty-five volumes, the first of which will appear about January 15, 1903.

This work will present (mainly in English translation) the most important printed works, to the year 1893, including a great number of heretofore unpublished manuscripts, which have been gathered from various foreign archives and libraries, principally from Spain, Portugal, France, England, Italy, Mexico, Japan, the Philippines, etc. The series will be edited and annotated by Miss Emma Helen Blair, A. M., of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, assistant editor of "The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents," and James Alexander Robertson, Ph. D., also formerly engaged upon that work. An historical introduction and notes will be furnished by Prof. Edward Gaylord Bourne, of Yale. The series will include a very extensive bibliography of "Philippine," surpassing any that has yet appeared. There will also be an exhaustive analytical index to the complete series, and numerous facsimile illustrations, maps, etc. One thousand numbered sets is the limit of the edition.